



Bolton | *Some History and Events*

By James H. Bolton



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In the year 1818 James Bolton came to Canada from Norfolk, England. In the fall of that year he came inland as far as Weston and built the first mill on the Humber at that place.

In the Spring of 1819 he took up land on the Humber about three miles east of the present village of Bolton. In 1820 his nephew, George Bolton, came out. He was a bachelor with some capital and took up the west half of lot 9 and the west half of lot 8 in the 7th concession of Albion and the East half of lot 9 in the 6th con. He selected a mill site at what is now the round corner of Mill St. and he and his uncle, James, built a dam and a small frame grist mill with one run of stones. In 1836 he built a log store near what is now the South-East corner of King and Mill Sts. In 1843 he built the first frame house erected in the village. The walls were of inch boards six inches wide and were laid flat on each other. Every other board was laid half an inch in, thus making a place for the plaster to catch. It was plastered and roughcast and is still in use as a dwelling, being part of the creamery dwelling house.

In 1832 Cholera came to Canada and was very fatal in most towns and villages and created a scare amongst the settlers here, but no cases developed.

In 1835 Charles Bolton bought the west half of lot 8 in the 7th con., and William the east half of lot 9 in the 6th con.

In 1837 James Bolton and his son, Samuel, had to get out of the country owing to the prominent part they had taken in the rebellion. A price was set on their heads but they managed to get to Niagara and thus into the States where James Bolton died in 1839.

About that time Mr. Pexham bought the place over the pond on the north side of Queen St. (now the Warbrick property) where he built a house and a tannery. In 1843 he sold a part of the lot to the Congregational Church trustees and they built a mud brick church on it. Rev. Jos. Wheeler was the pastor. Later the old church was taken down and a fine frame building erected in its place. Mr. Wheeler was an exceptionally good man, though not so very brilliant as a pulpit orator, but he had the faculty of holding and interesting his hearers. His salary was donated by members and friends—a bag of flour, a side of pork and an occasional shilling—but it made little matter to him how much he got for it was mostly given away to the needy of the district. The last dish of flour in the house or the last shilling from his pocket was given freely if he heard of anyone suffering for need of them. His hobby was building pipe organs and all his spare time was devoted to that work, so when the new church building was ready for operation he had a large organ ready to put together in it and it was a splendid instrument of sweet tone and great volume.

Mr. Wheeler used to tell that he

had to smile once when delivering a sermon. Jack McDonald, a boy of 12, sat behind Billy Robinson, a very stylish young man who carried a large mop of fiery red hair, and Jack was poking his finger into the hair and holding it there for a little while and then taking it out and pounding it with his fist on the back of the seat as a blacksmith would do a hot iron.

The English Church held services for some time in Wm. Sterne's barn but in 1845 they bought the hill (where their graveyard is now) and erected a mud brick church on the top of the hill, and regular meetings were held every two weeks. The Rev. H. B. Osler, curate of Lloydtown, was the minister. He rode horseback and most of the way was only a trail. He was greatly respected by everybody and had a large following. The mud brick was later taken down and a frame church built in its place, but twenty years later this was abandoned and the beautiful brick church, which they now occupy was built.

In 1848 the Primitive Methodists built a small frame church on the corner of chapel and King Sts. It was moved across the street when the brick church was built and is now used for an Orange hall.

A year later the Wesleyan Methodists built near the corner of King and Nancy Sts., a frame building which in 1870(?) was deserted and the present fine brick church erected, now occupied by the United Church.

The Presbyterians did not move in until 188? as they went to worship on the 6th line, 3 miles south of the village.

In 1842 the first school was opened, Samuel Walford being the teacher—a mud brick building on the N.E. corner of King and George Sts. On proof being given that there was a regular attendance of at least fifteen scholars, a small grant was given by the government and the balance of the teacher's salary was

raised by a 25c tax on each pupil. In 1852 the town hall was used and in 1860 the Temperance Hall was purchased by the School Board and used as a school until 1874, when the present school was erected.

Geo. Taylor was the mail carrier from 1832 to 1878. At first he carried the mail on his back and on horseback and when there was a road opened he drove a horse and gig, and later, when the roads were improved, a regular bus from here to Weston, carrying passengers as well as mail. He left here between 4 and 5 a.m., picking up mail on the way and got to Weston at 10 a.m.; leaving Weston at 5 p.m. for Bolton, getting here at 9 p.m., when the roads were good, but any time during the night in the spring and fall when the roads were bad.

In 1848 James Warbrick bought the tannery property from Mr. Rexham. His son, J. F., became a prominent citizen, interesting himself greatly in the improvement of the Village and Township. He was the first Deputy Reeve to represent Albion in the first County Council of Peel in Jan. 1867. Thomas Swinarton, afterwards our member, of parliament, was reeve. The tannery developed into quite a large business in his time, employing eight hands, and buying up all the hides and hemlock bark of the neighborhood. The bark was piled east of the tannery and covered a quarter acre of ground, with some of the piles 20 feet high. A horsepower mill ground the bark for use. His brother, the doctor, later practised medicine here.

In 1843 Dr. Hickman settled here in the last house south on the east side of Queen St., on the hillside. He bought the 14-acre hill next above it and hauled some stone to the top of the hill intending to build there. The hill road past his house was always in very bad shape in spring and fall owing to spring holes. All the teaming to the city used this road and the teamsters used to do a good deal of swearing at their teams to

get up the hill with a load. Mrs. Hickman had a very fine parrot that was a wonderful talker and it learned to swear beautifully from listening to the teamsters. One day the Rev. H. B. Osler called on her and the parrot greeted him with a terrible splurge of profanity. Mrs. H. was awfully shocked but she threw her apron over the parrot's cage, which hushed it up, but she was terribly put out over the affair and was bound to move off that street as soon as another place could be got so that the doctor bought the Sterne property over the river, west of Thos. Curliss' Hotel (now J. C. Rummen place). It was a large stone house and the old stone distillery back of it on the edge of the pond was made into a stable. Beautiful gardens were laid out and in a little while it became the finest property in the village. The doctor entered a suit against Lawson, the mill owner, for backing the water on to his property, which lasted for many years before a settlement was reached.

In 1840 there were fourteen houses in the village, 2 stores, 2 blacksmiths, 2 shoemakers, 1 tailor and 1 hotel, kept by Thos. Rogers.

In 1842 James C. Bolton bought the mill property from George Bolton and two years later moved the Mill to its present site. That was a tremendous undertaking at the time, as the big hill had to be cut through to build the race, and a high race bank to be built right up to the old dam, but it was a great improvement as it gave the new mill a head of 13 feet while the old one had only four and a half. The new mill was a five storey frame building with two run of stones, and is now the west half of the present mill. In 1850 he built an addition to the mill as large as the first mill, which is the present mill. He also built a large cottage and stables on the rising ground on King St.

In 1854 he sold the mill property to Edward Lawson who, the following year, built a large two-storey frame

store on the south corner of Queen and Mill St. with an 80 ft. frontage on Queen St. and floor space of 80 by 40 ft. The Mill St. end was for groceries, the middle hardware and the south end dry goods. Two large double door entrances in front. Dress making, millinery and tailoring were carried on on the second floor. The store had a window front the whole length, which had to be covered with heavy wooden shutters every night. The store was open at 6.30 a.m. and closed any time from 10 to 12 at night and did a large trade.

He also built a steam bakery next the saw mill on Mill St. This corner of Mill St. on the east side was quite a busy place—a saw mill next the river, the steam bakery next and old man Christian's shoddy and wool mill on the creek, and his new frame residence on the rise behind it.

In 1843 T. C. Prossor, a land surveyor, moved in. He built a residence with small store attached close beside the creek on the north corner of Mill and King Sts. (now the Jaffary place). He was engaged to make a map of the village including Nunnville and Glasgow, and all the unoccupied land was laid out in quarter and half acre lots and nearly all fenced with board fences, and in 1854 these lots in Nunnville sold for \$175 and \$200. But the village was booming then and prices for everything were very high owing to the great demand by the Crimean War. The real estate boom kept up until 1865 but fell flat after the close of the Civil War in the United States. Not a house remains.

"Millerites," a religious society, started in New York State in 1815. Wm. Miller, a man deeply interested in the prophecies of the scriptures, had a very large following in the Northern States and Canada. They preached the second coming of the Lord and he announced that it would take place on a certain day of August, 1843.

At Lloydtown the Society had a

large membership and a few from this district had joined the sect, and like many other members gave away or sold their possessions and were gathered together on the hill at Lloydtown, dressed in their resurrection robes, where they spent the day singing hymns and looking for their Lord, but nothing unusual took place and our people came back next day very disconsolate and disappointed. They had been so sure that Miller's teaching was correct and their faith was badly shaken. There were thousands outside the Society who passed the day in fear and trembling, not feeling sure that Miller was wrong, and half expecting the end of the world, and it was great relief when the strain was over.

In 1855 J. McIntosh bought land and water power on the river half a mile west and built a residence and woollen mill. Ten hand were employed and quite a good business done in wool carding, etc. At this time Lawson's mill and 8 hands and 7 or 8 teamsters were kept busy hauling the surplus flour to Malton and Weston, while his delivery wagon supplied all the district with small wares and soda biscuits from his steam bakery. This of itself was quite a business. One man, John White, was kept busy the year around making and repairing the wooden biscuit boxes. These were made of 3-8 in. basswood and were about 22x16x10 inches and were all hand dressed, and everybody ate the biscuits.

In 1852 a brass band was organized in connection with the Cadets of Temperance by J. N. Bolton. Harry Keyes was first cornetist and old man Sheldrake, the harness maker, played the big bass horn. Dan Chase beat the drum and 12 others took part. The Cadets were a strong lodge of 150 members and they got a piece of land near the East end of Victoria St. from Chas. Bolton and built a large hall, where they held their meetings and gave entertainments. It is still standing and is used for a barn.

In 1854 James C. Stork built a

drug store and seed store on the S. W. corner of King and Queen Sts. He was a popular citizen and served for years on the school board and in the village council.

The Shields family, Wm., Jane, Agnes and John were very reserved and did not mix with the villagers much. Wm. was a good business man and had some capital. He bought a farm on the river about a mile below the village and built a large cottage there and a large barn. His daily exercise was a walk out to the farm, but he did not live long after and John took over the business. He was a tall man, but very unpopular. His corner was a great place for the boys and young men to gather and this annoyed him a lot and he would come out and push them off and sometimes slap their faces. He tried that once on Bill Clark but Billy went for him head first and butted him down, which resulted in his spending several weeks in bed with Dr. Hickman in attendance. There was an iron rod driven through the plank sidewalk to mark the corner of his property and as the fracas occurred on the street side of the rod and Shields himself made the first break, Clarke was not prosecuted. The Shields family accumulated considerable wealth. After their removal to Toronto and the death of John the surviving sisters endowed the Toronto General Hospital with their money, sufficient to build the Emergency Wing of that institution, purchase an up-to-date ambulance, and in part provide for its maintenance in perpetuity. People who go to this institution for treatment are therefore greatly indebted to the Shields family. Up to the present thousands of people, and in the years to come, tens of thousands of people, who meet with accidents and are suddenly stricken with illness, will receive the tender ministrations of "angels of the sick room" and the attention of skilled physicians by the beneficence of the Shields family who, during their lifetime, lived frugally and unostentatiously, saved their pennies and at last put

their money to such good use. A tablet in the emergency wing of the hospital bears these words and tell in a few words what I have been trying to set forth above, all of which I commend to the consideration of those of my readers who may be blessed with a goodly portion of this world's wealth:

Built, Equipped and
In Part Maintained by
Agnes and Jane Shields
In Loving Remembrance
of their brother
John Shields.

In 1852 the Callendar Bros. built the most of a large brick store and residence on the corner of King and Queen Sts., but two years later ran out of money and the building stood unfinished till 1858 when the property was bought by Wm. Shields, who engaged W. C. Hughes and S. Bolton to finish the woodwork and Geo. Smith to do the painting and graining. It was finished the following year and was much the best building on the street.

In 1845 Matthew Grey came and started a brick making business at the end of David Street. In 1850 he sold to David Norton whose son, Alsey, conducted the business until recently. Like his father, Alsey was interested in the growth of the village and was a member of the council for many years. The Nortons were brick makers for several generations in England and Canada. When David Norton first came to Canada he worked in Toronto and was specially selected as the workman to make the odd-shaped brick used in the construction of that wonderful edifice, St. James' Cathedral, in that city. He later moved to Vaughan where he made the brick for practically all houses erected on the farms in the early days in the Nashville district. David Norton's sons were all brick makers, John at Alliston, Dave

at Woodbridge, Thos. and Jim at Mt. Dennis and George, the youngest, managed large plants in Cape Breton and at other points in the Maritimes. Mrs. Norton, their mother, spent her early years in Toronto and was able to recount interesting events which took place during the stirring times of the Mackenzie Rebellion.

Every winter from 1845 to 1865 a number of Indians made camp on the Cold Creek. They made baskets and bows, which they peddled around the district with hand sleighs. The women were good looking and beautiful singers, and the camp was kept clean and tidy. Sunday afternoon would find half the village down there enjoying the hymn singing. The Indian boys were experts with the bow and arrow; one of their stunts was to hit a penny held between the thumb and finger at 50 yards and it was a rare thing to see them make a miss. Of course they got the penny.

Like all new settlements the "raisings," logging bees and quiltings brought quite a lot of folk together and usually ended up with a dance, old man Phillips, a violin maker and a right smart player, often being the whole orchestra. In many places when a bee and dance was on a pail of whiskey stood on the corner shelf in the kitchen with a dipper beside it and everybody helped themselves as they liked. The meals were wonderful—big roasts of pork or of venison and sometimes bear, partridge, quail and fish in season, with turnips and potatoes for vegetables; delicious home-made bread and buns, with maple syrup; pies and puddings galore. Lots of the early settlers dried raspberries and Indian (wild) plums in the summer for winter use.

In 1860 E. Lawson sold his store and mill property to John Gardhouse who started in to improve it and build up business. He was a quiet, reserved man and occupied himself strictly with his own affairs, though

he was a member of the first village council after incorporation, and established a branch store at Claireville and his mill teams brought nearly all the freight that came here. He gradually increased the mill business till by 1870 it had a daily output of 125 barrels of flour, besides doing a large custom trade, and his store business had increased its fall trade from \$50 per day to \$600 and \$800. In fact by 1875 his annual business amounted to about a half a million.

He built a large brick store on Queen St., just south of the old one, and the next year a fine brick residence on the King St. property.

After the coming of the T. G. and B. Railway and a little later the H. and N. W. Ry. across the north end of the township the mill business began to fall off rapidly. He died in 1878(?) and his widow and youngest son, Frederick, kept the business on but did not make a success of it and in 1881 the mill property was sold to Andrew McFall and the store to James Clarke. Mr. McFall had the mill until 1894 when he passed away and his son, Arthur, took over the management of the property. Arthur was a young man of vision and was greatly interested in the welfare and improvement of the village. He installed and operated an electric light plant which served us until the advent of the Hydro System. He also was a strong promoter of the Bolton Telephone Co. and was reeve of the village for several years.

In 1857 Wyatt Jaffary moved in from Macville. He bought the Prosser place beside the creek on Mill Street for a residence and also bought a partnership with J. McIlroy, who had a small store on the north-west corner of King and Queen Sts., and a few years later he bought out the McIlroy interest and moved the old store back and built a large frame store on the corner which in 1893 was sold and moved off to make way for the present brick store. He never sought honors in the

council or school board but was considered one of our best citizens without that. His sons, Ed. and Wyatt, are at present doing a large store business in the place, though neither of them has tried for public honors.

1860—above and below the dam—were the swimming places in the evenings—but the daytime “old swimming hole” was below the Mill beside Godbolt’s bush, as there was a deep hole there and it was well out of sight from the road, and on Saturdays during the summer was well patronized. Jim Lundy was champion fast swimmer. He could swim the race from the dam to the Mill and back in 20 minutes, but Jake Shore (still alive at 90 years) was the best under water. He would dive off the boom log at the dam and not be seen again until he was half way to Queen St. bridge.

Fish were plentiful—brook trout, red chub and shiners—all good eating fish. It was a common thing to take fifteen or twenty 8 to 14 inch trout below the dam in an evening’s fishing with rod and line. Even Jaffary’s creek gave good fishing in the spring. The saw mill men would hang a basket over the wheel in the pit a little above the water at night in the early part of the season and find a good catch of trout in it in the morning—fish that had been trying to jump the little dam but lit in the basket. Of course the salmon were all gone, but 20 years earlier big catches of these fish were speared in the deep holes on the river.

The saw mill, an old style up and down drag saw, quit business about 1870, logs getting scarce and so many better mills started up and down the river.

It was quite a sight to see the long mast timbers hauled through here; the butt end on the front wheels of a wagon and a pair of hind wheels chained under the log about every twenty feet to the end, and drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen or ten or a dozen span of horses. The roads

were bad and it generally took three days to take a mast from the ridges to Lake Ontario. Hotels and stables, blacksmith and woodworker shops were placed about every three to five miles on the road. There were five hotels with large stables and sheds here so teamsters and travellers were seldom stuck for accommodation.

In the fall of 1858, I think, we saw the last great flight of the passenger pigeon. The roosts were near the river in Godbolt's and Beamish's bush and the birds flew out in the morning to feed and back about six o'clock in the evening to roost and were so thick they would shut off the sunlight. They flew low coming in and the boys in the lower end of the village would get on the roof of the kitchen or outhouse and knock them down by the dozen with a pole or fishing rod.

Old man Mootry lived about a mile up the river. He made basswood butter bowls and ladles, shaved them out of the solid wood by hand. He very seldom came to town in the summer but was a regular visitor in the winter. He had a double size home-made hand sleigh to which he hitched his cow and, having piled the sleigh high with his wares, would bring the outfit to the village and sell his stock to the stores here.

About 1860 the Dan Rice Circus came and pitched their tent at the end of Sterne St. for an afternoon and evening performance. During the evening show some men and boys lifted the tent flaps at the side and crawled under. The circus men undertook to put them out, pounding them with tent stakes, which raised a general row and some of the villagers joined in to help and one of the village boys and one of the showmen were terribly beaten and nearly killed and the circus show was stopped. In the morning Michael Galvin, the village constable, and an assistant arrested the whole bunch "in the name of the Queen" and brought them before Geo. Evans, J. P. for trial. They were fined pretty heavy and the manager of the circus

had not enough money to pay up and they finally had to sell their Arabian trained stallion to make up the amount. Billy Williamson, a nearby farmer, bought the horse and he became a prominent figure in all the shows and processions in the district for many years. Williamson christened him "Bob Ridley," after the circus man that owned him.

In 1856 Lawrence built a large frame store and residence on Queen St., next to the Ontario Hotel, which was afterwards occupied by Hamilton Fraser, then by Taylor & Steele, followed by Thos. Fisher and taken over when he left by Wm. Extence, whose son, in partnership with Geo. Norton, did business there until 1916, when it and the Ontario Hotel were destroyed by fire.

In the winter of 1862 Henry Shore, a very unpopular man, was married to Miss Hull and came to live at the corner of James and Albert Sts. The small boys put on a chivaree and asked for 50c when Mr. Shore came out, but he would not give them anything and chased them. They came back for several nights, but got nothing and then the young men joined in to help and asked for \$2, but were refused, so they put on a regular show with torchlight procession for every night the following week. Actors, dressed in masquerade and in pantomime, showing some alleged misdoing of Mr. Shore in the past, winding up on Saturday night with a burning effigy of him on the back of old "Bob Ridley," stolen for the occasion from the farm. When the hot tar began to light on his back he started kicking and finally upset the figure on the road. The maskers gathered it up and, digging a grave in the snow at the roadside, held a regular funeral service. The devil (Jack Legatt) in a tight fitting black suit with a long black tail pointed with tin attached, being the officiating minister. Mr. Shore had offered them \$10 to quit some nights before but as their expenses had already got to \$40 they would not take anything less than that. It

was a great show and was enjoyed by hundreds of folk, as people from all around the country, even as far as Schomberg, came in to see it. The actors and performers got up a concert the next month for the benefit of the poor and the old Town Hall was crowded, as nearly everybody understood it was held to defray expenses. Jack Leggatt, in his Satanic masquerade dress, came to the front of the platform with the money that had been taken at the door in his hands and thanked the people for their attendance and appreciation of their efforts to help the poor, and deliberately started stuffing the bills into his pockets, saying, "We are the poor," and walked off the stage. The applause was terrific for it was taken as a great joke. However the boys had enough over expenses to send flour, meat and fuel to all the needy ones around, and they did it.

In 1864 Dr. Pettigrew settled here and built a cottage on the last lot on the north side of King St., west. He died in 1870 and Dr. Dalton bought his place and practice.

Skating and sleighriding were the main winter sports and dozens of young men and women and boys and girls would gather on one of the big hills every fine night with hand sleighs and bob sleighs and a glorious time would be kept up till 10 p.m., that was the fixed time for respectable young folk to be at home. The pond above the dam from the boom log to Lundy's blacksmith shop was scraped free of snow and sometimes swept until late in the season, when there was too much snow and "Shinny," "Crack the Whip" and "Plum, Plum Pullaway" games were played there by old and young, but in 1865 (?) the rink was made above the bridge, from the bridge up to Dr. Hickman's boat house, and a pump was set in the pond up there so the rink could be flooded when the ice got worn. There were masquerade carnivals and skating matches put on nearly every week and prizes given for best costumes, best fancy skaters, etc. Miss Lizzie Evans

and Miss Mary Ann Norton were among the best of the ladies in fancy skating and cJak Legatt and Jim Lundy among the young men.

This particular winter had been extremely cold and also had a very heavy fall of snow. Some said four feet on the level in the bush, and the first week in April spring came with a rush. The ice below the dam moved out but only got as far as the bend, opposite Chas. Bolton's house and there formed a tremendous ice jam, which backed the water and flooded that part of the village and the water was over the floor in the Keyes house, which was just below the mill bridge on the river bank and so deep all around it that the family could not get out, while above the Queen St. bridge, the ice being three feet thick from the extra flooding, broke in large pieces and turned up against the bridge, being too large to go through between the piles. This turned the river down Queen St., which was then about three feet lower than it now is, and all the cellars on the east side of the street were filled. The Gardhouse store, being lower than the rest, had about two feet of water on the main floor and all land above the bridge and near the river was under water. Dr. Hickman had the only boat in the place but it was in his boat house on the other side of the pond and by this time the Keyes family were in a dangerous position, the water coming in the front window and going through the back ones, and something had to be done to get them out. Jack McDonald, Cooper McDonald's son, first family, a daring young man, volunteered to swim across the pond to the boathouse and get the boat. He swam part of the way and got on the raised ice in the middle of the stream and crossing it swam the rest of the way, untied the boat and rowed back down Queen St., around Shields' corner, down King St. to Jaffary's Creek, where willing hands helped take the boat out of the water and carry it down as far as Ed. Robinson's place where it was again launched and Jack rowed ov-

er to Keyes' bringing the family, two at a time back to the higher land. This was by far the worst flood in the history of the village and did the most damage, though the flood of 1911 was very bad in the east end—from the mill down to the hill was all under water. The river usually cleared of ice first from below the mill bridge down to the Beamish farm and the young men had great sport and an occasional ducking, riding a cake of ice down to the jam. A cake would be pried off above the mill bridge and two or three jump on it and have a swift ride, but the second bridge, Cairns', was much lower than the present one, and the boys had to lie flat on the ice to pass under it and sometimes jumped off and if they wanted to go any farther ran across the bridge and jumped back on the cake. Sometimes they missed it, too, and went down in 8 or 10 feet of water. This was generally a Sunday sport, with half the village looking on. There was a little watchmaker living here named Kilpatrick, a very neat dresser, who wore a high plug hat on Sundays. He thought he could take a ride around on the ice too, and at the bridge jumped off and ran across and jumped, but he had been too slow and just missed the ice. We had a great time getting him out as he could not swim, and, my, he was a mess from the dirty water and drag through the mud to the bank. His plug hat was never seen again.

In 1864 the Civil War in the U.S. was near a standstill and fresh troops were badly needed by the Northern army. Recruiting sergeants were all over Canada offering big pay to any that would enlist. Abel Walford, Samuel Walford's son, and Billy Bell, John Bell's son, signed up. Billy became an officer and was shot by a private to whom he had given an order, and Abel got home in '67, but was so badly used from exposure and privation that he died a few months after.

In 1868 Edward Porritt moved in and built an Ashery on the lot opposite the mill. Ashes were plenti-

ful as the settlers cleared the land by felling the trees into windrows and the following winter burning them, leaving a row of ashes over the whole field. His wagon was out gathering ashes and hauling them in, when they were put into the leeches which ran the whole length of both sides of the building. In the centre of the place was the furnace which held three large iron pots for cooking the lye into potash. In 1885 the ashery quit business as there was very few ashes to be got.

Someone put up a store and dwelling on the lot next to Shields' and L. R. Bolton in 1860 built a block of four frame houses with store fronts north of that and Yelland put up a bakery on the next lot adjoining Thos. Cooper's tailor shop and dwelling. The Bolton houses were all rented or sold and Queen St. began to look like a business street.

George Evans came about 1835. He had a small log house and shoe-making shop on the corner of Sterne and Queen Sts., but in 1845 built a large brick hotel a little farther south on King St. He was very active in building up the Volunteers, particularly No. 4 Company, of which James Wolfe was Captain. He was a Captain and later a Major in the 36th Battalion. He was created a Justice of the Peace in 1860(?) and was called on to settle all kinds of cases occurring in the district. His decisions gave general satisfaction.

The Fenian Raid of 1866 created quite a stir among the Volunteers here and quite a few of them could not be located when No. 4 Company was called to arms. Capt. Wolfe succeeded in getting some of them as far as Brampton, but I think the invasion was checked before they got any farther.

In 1819 Albion Township was surveyed by the Government and settlers began to come in. In 1821 the Township had 110 of a population, 62 acres cleared and an assessed value of 1631 pounds. The Downys, Road-

houses and Hudsons moved in in 1819, as well as John Grant, Thomas Coats and a few others. They were probably the first white settlers in Albion, and were very glad when the Bolton Mill was started. By 1848 the population had increased to 3567 and the village was the main market and growing fast.

In 1865 Peel County had a provisional council and Albion was represented there by Thomas Mills as Reeve and John Vance, deputy. In 1866 Peel voted for separation from York and in 1867 the County buildings were erected at Brampton. The first council for the County met in the Court House on the 22nd day of January, 1867—Thomas Swinarton as Reeve for Albion and J. F. Warbrick as Deputy. Albion folk, especially our side of it, have always been good patrons of Bolton and ready to help us when help was needed.

In June, 1865, the last bear hunt in the village took place. The bear, a big black fellow, had left the woods below the village and came down the hill past the school house. The children, out for afternoon recess, saw it was crossing the opposite field heading toward the King Road and Beamish's bush. One of the boys ran up to the Front Street and reported and in a short time about twenty men with guns and dogs were on its track, but they never got a sight of it though they spread out and beat the woods till darkness forced a halt. This was the last native wild bear to visit us though a few were seen in the district afterwards. Bears, wolves and deer were plentiful thirty years earlier, and the taking of them made great sport for the hunters, and at that time nearly every man carried his rifle if he had to go a few miles. Bear meat and venison were a big help in supplying fresh meat for the settlers.

In 1868 Wm. Dick bought the block between David and Maria Sts. In 1869 he built on the west side of it a large machine shop and foundry and in a few years was supply-

ing the district with horsepowers, cutting boxes, plows, reapers and mowers. He did a lot in building up the village business and was a progressive man, being a member of the council and school board for many years. The building was destroyed by fire in 1879 (?), Mr. Dick being a very heavy loser, though the town did not suffer greatly as he rebuilt right away on the river at the west of the village. He built a dam half way to Glasgow and ran a race from it to the foundry and so got cheaper power for his machine shop. He did a very large business in reapers, mowers and threshing machines and other farm implements, and had a lot of agents around here handling his output. This machine shop and foundry was also destroyed by fire, and Mr. Dick, having passed away, his son, Thomson, built a fine brick shop which is now in use.

The building of the T. G. and B. Railway in 1872 and '73 brought a lot of extra business here and it was thought that when the road was running it would do a great deal in developing the place, but the improvement was scarcely noticeable. Of course it shut off some of the teaming, particularly grain, flour and timber and built up a little more local trade in those things, but it also made it easy for the people to slip down to the city and do their shopping and so took a good many dollars away that would have otherwise been spent here.

Mr. B. Dowling was our first Station agent and he was certainly a very busy man, doing all the freight, express, telegraph and other work with only one assistant, and the freighting alone was at that time five times as great as it is now.

The building of the Sudbury branch in 1904 (?) gave us a big transient trade for a year or so but the new line added very little to the regular trade here.

In 1886 the village suffered its greatest loss by fire, more than half the business places on the east side

of Queen St. being destroyed, but they were soon rebuilt, and much better as they were built of brick and much less liable to damage by fire than the old frame ones.

The old town hall had got into very bad condition and in 1871 a new one was built on Nancy St., which was used until after the uniting of the Methodist churches when the Primitive Methodist church on King St. was purchased and the old hall sold to T. D. Elliott, who moved it down to Queen St. and used it for storing his livery rigs. It now forms the front of the T. D. Elliott & Son Service Station and Ford Agency.

1894—Up to this time there were four grave yards on the hills north of the village and they had all got into a very dilapidated condition, having no regular caretaker, so the people of the village and district thought it advisable to buy a place and make a real cemetery. Laurel Hill Cemetery Company was formed and land bought on top of the hill from Samuel Stewart. It was surveyed and a plan of the cemetery made by J. N. Bolton, P.L.S., which was satisfactory to the Company and work was commenced making the driveways and levelling and sodding the grounds and having evergreens and shrubs planted. The first to be buried there was Mr. Joseph Taylor, and it had very few burials for a year or two, when it began to grow rapidly. Many removals were made from the old graveyards and the general public being educated to its advantages began using it altogether. It is now one of the finest country cemeteries in the province, but will soon have to take in more ground as it is getting pretty well filled up.

In 1872 we found the village large enough to take care of itself and severed our connection with the Township of Albion, becoming a separate municipality. In January, 1873, the first election of municipal officers took place when the following were elected: L. R. Bolton, Reeve; W. Taylor, James Stork, J.

Gardhouse and George Smith, Councillors, who appointed J. F. Warbrick Treasurer and S. A. Walford, Clerk. The population was over 900 and the Township had not given much attention to the village needs, especially the roads and sidewalks, and this was the main reason for separating from it. Although our population has decreased since then we have no regrets for having made the move.

The first newspaper, "The Cardwell Observer," was published by J. N. Bolton in 1871 (?). It was for a while subject to a great deal of comment and adverse criticism, and many were the hoaxes that were tried to catch the editor. I remember one that nearly got through. It was a letter purporting to be from a subscriber, a farmer up in Albion telling of digging up a large stone two and a half feet long and one foot in width and having the following letters cut in it: Forc Attl Etor Ubth Eirt Ail Saga Inst, and he was sending the letter hoping some of the readers of the paper could decipher the inscription. A few numbers of the paper had been printed on the old Washington hand press when a neighbor dropped in to look over the news and discovered the hoax. The Editor got busy and unlocked the form and took out the article, filling its place with a news item that had been left over. In the meantime the neighbor had found an electro plate that was about the same size and cut into the wood of its back "Subscribe Now," and rubbing it over the ink roller stamped it on the article on the papers that had been printed. The Editor never knew who sent the letter, but had a strong suspicion it was a young man of the town who had taken great offence at an article that had appeared a few weeks before. The newspaper was not a paying investment, but the job work paid pretty well and made up the shortage. One man was the whole office force and he was editor, printer and compositor, except for a few hours on publishing day when a boy was taken on to run the ink roller. There were just two presses in the office,

one small Gordon pedal press for printing cards, billheads and small dodgers, and an old hand press for printing the paper and large posters. The name of the paper was later changed to The British Standard.

The whole outfit was sold in 1888 to H. H. Bolton and moved to Queen St., North, the name of the paper being changed to The Enterprise. As H. H. B. had no experience in the printing business he engaged a young man, F. N. Leavens, from Pickering, to manage the business for him, which he did with success until 1891 when he purchased the plant, and now in 1931 does a large job printing trade. The Enterprise has always been a paper of merit and, being among the best of small town weeklies, enjoys a good circulation.

Owing to the great increase in drinking and the disgraceful exhibitions put on by the navvies who worked on the construction of the Sudbury line and who infested the village for many days after pay day, drinking and quarreling, the people here got very strong on the temperance question, which resulted in a Local Option vote being taken in 1906 and carried by a majority of eleven. Since then, the law being pretty well kept by the hotel and the drinking public, we have had very little to complain of in the matter of drunks and disorderlies.

Two of our village boys were with the forces sent to quell the Riel Rebellion in 1885—William H. Alexander (afterwards Dr.) with the Queen's Own and James W. Bolton with the 10th Royals. They had a very hard trip and a rough time generally, but returned safely and received a wonderful welcome when they got here—special meeting in the town hall and a presentation to each of them of a gold headed cane with a suitable inscription engraved on it with the name and date.

Hugh Scott, a bookkeeper for J. Gardhouse here, was a brother of the man Louis Riel murdered and took the matter very much to heart, which

the following year produced a breaking down of the brain forces, from which he never recovered.

The Cardwell election in 1872 found the village a pretty hot spot. Hon. J. H. Cameron, of Brampton, was the Conservative nominee and L. R. Bolton, our reeve, was his opponent, for the Reform party. The village vote was about evenly divided and party feeling ran very high for a week or so before the election. It was a rare day or evening that did not have a fight of some kind and peaceful citizens had quite a job to keep out of them. Our meetings in the town hall were pretty lively affairs as good speakers were here on both sides. "Wandering Willie" McDougall, a real orator, stumped the county for the Tories and Hon. Oliver for the Grits. The Cameron meeting here was a riot of howls and hoots except when Mr. McDougall had the floor, so to even it up the Tories gave Mr. Oliver such a reception that the meeting broke up in disorder. Cameron won the election and the next night large bunches of crepe were tied on Lundy's, Smith's and S. Bolton's front doors. The following 12th of July was to be celebrated here, and the night before the Grit young men evened up by painting large green crosses on the Evans and Curliss Hotels, decorations that took hours of scraping and scrubbing to remove on the 12th morning. The paint had been taken from Lundy's shop, and although there was lots of guessing, it was not definitely known till years afterwards that Jim Lundy and Will Bolton were the artists. One thing was gained, however, by both parties as they were both thoroughly disgusted—at least the thinkers and respectable citizens among them were—with the hoodlum element which had been so much to the front during the campaign, and an attitude of fair play and decent opposition resulted, which was very noticeable in subsequent election campaigns, especially in this locality. The Reform associates were not able to (at any rate they did not) put up all the expenses of their candidate,

and Mr. Bolton had to make good the deficiency, which was considerable, out of his own pocket, and although working for his party always he never considered being a candidate in another contest, though requested to do so.

H. H. Bolton, Charles Bolton's youngest son, became quite a prominent figure in the village doings. He was a lawyer, graduated in 1879 (?), and opened an office here, becoming very popular and doing a large business. He served in the Council for two years and was then elected Reeve, which position he held for a number of years, and was elected warden of the County in 1888.

It was a bright Sunday morning in September when Charles Bolton and his wife (Ann Parker) took the trail through Godbolt's bush and up the 8th line to visit his father-in-law, Wm. Parker, at whose place services were to be held that day by the Methodists. He left his three brothers, James, Samuel and Wm., to look after things and Tom was elected to prepare the dinner while the other two strolled across the garden to the river. They discovered a bunch of wild ducks at the deep hole and Jim ran back to the house for the gun. He was back in a few minutes and fired into the flock, killing two of them. The noise of the splash of the shot in the water started up a large salmon which slowly swam up the rapids. A few hundred yards upstream there was a large tree fallen across the river and used for a foot bridge and at its butt the salmon spear was always left. Samuel ran up there and with the spear in hand walked out on the log and the next minute saw the salmon coming and hit it with the spear right behind the head, and after a few minutes hard struggle he got it to the bank. It was the largest salmon they had ever taken and they took it to the house to be weighed and measured. It measured over four feet in length and weighed twenty-eight pounds. Tom had dinner ready and after eating and clearing up, Tom, who had

bought a new Sunday suit, said he was going to dress up and go visiting, so the other two took the spear and gun and strolled downstream to Godbolt's bridge looking for more fish, and, knowing Tom would cross there, waited to guy him about his girl. They saw Tom coming across the flats carrying his rifle, as was the regular custom if one expected be coming back after dark. There was an island a few hundred yards above the bridge and hemlock trees had fallen down the hill with their tops resting on the island, and as they had been barked there was a smooth log slide from the top of the hill down, and as Tom came past he saw a large bear sunning himself at the top of this slide. He stepped across to the island, the water on his side being low, went carefully through the bushes and crawled about twelve feet up the slide to get a good sight of the bear and shot. He killed it but it fell forward and slithered down the logs at great speed catching Tom before he could get out of the way. The shock sent both of them into the water, near the clay bank, and poor Tom was an awful mess of mud and blood when he got out, while the other two had a big laugh at the pickle he had got himself into. They dragged the bear up to the woodshed at home, strung him up with the tackle used when dressing the pork and skinned him, having taken in the day's sport enough meat, fish and fowl to keep them all for several weeks. But Tom did not get to see his girl that Sunday as he had only the one good suit and it could not be dried and cleaned in time to be of any use. Still they all pronounced it "the end of a perfect day."

Pat Ronan and his wife Bridget lived in a small cottage opposite the mill. They were a droll pair. She sometimes gave him a threshing when he got on a spree and Pat always contended that it did her the most good. He worked as a vat man at the tannery and gave the hands many a hearty laugh at his sayings. He fell in the lime vat one day and his skin was pretty well burnt when

they got him out. They got his clothes off and rinsed him off good with cold water and then painted him all over with fish oil, the boss meanwhile scolding him for his carelessness. This roused the fighting spirit in Pat and he said, "It was your own darn stinginess that was to blame, making the vat walls that narrow that the devil himself could not cross on them as often as I have without making a miss, and I notice that you never cross that way yourself but always go round. It's aisy for you when I am burning up outside to be blistering my insides with your tongue, but if it had been yourself that took the dip you likely would not have been scorched much."

In the fall of 1861 the young people started "Penny Readings" and kept them going every Friday night in the Town Hall for the whole winter. The entertainment was made up of readings, recitations, music, songs, dances and sleight of hand performances, all put on by local talent. The orchestra gave very good music. J. N. Bolton was first violin, Pete Rogers, second violin, Harry Keyes, cornetist and fat old man Sheldrake with the bass viol, and a little portable melodeon presided over by Miss Patty Hickman did the accompanying. By the way, this was the first melodeon brought to the village and belonged to L. R. Bolton, who loaned it for the performances. It now graces the home of J. H. Bolton as a writing desk. The readings wound up in the spring with a great cantata, Lizzie and Fanny Evans rendering the solo parts with a chorus of twenty voices assisting. The net cash secured from the venture was over \$200 and the committee elected to spend it in putting a plank sidewalk from the corner of David and King Sts. up to the school at the end of Victoria St. as there was no sidewalk at all on any of those back streets.

In 1855 Mr. Mishaw, a mulatto, was teacher of the school in the old town hall. There was a big racket with the trustees for hiring a colored

man, but teachers were scarce and as he turned out to be a No. 1 teacher the opposition to him soon died away. He was very kind hearted and the scholars all liked him and made a very good showing at the examinations, and he was kept on for three (?) year and then the school was moved from the town hall to the Temperance Hall, which had been bought from the Cadets of Temperance by the Trustees.

Thos. Elliott, a young man of 23, was engaged as teacher and held that position for seven years. He had very little ability and used the older students to do a great deal of his work in teaching the lower classes. He was a very poor penman but fortunately had Connor O'Dea for a pupil who had taken a Spencerian course in penmanship. He was an elegant writer and took a lot of pleasure in helping the writing classes. Connor afterwards became the champion penman of America, taking the highest honors and prizes at the Boston World's Fair in 1876. One of his exhibits was the Lord's Prayer, written and decorated with pen drawings of flowers on a piece of parchment the size of a five-cent piece, which had to be read with a magnifying glass, but was pronounced by the judges a perfect piece of work.

Though the general advancement of the school was limited, there was some excuse for Mr. Elliott as the attendance was 140 to 200 scholars, too big a bunch for any one man to handle with any degree of success. He was a very hard, almost cruel, man with the cane, and used it freely and often on some of the scholars, but a few others, just as bad, got off very lightly. He was followed by Mr. McTavish, a very learned Scotchman with great ability in imparting knowledge to any one who wanted to go ahead, but was too easy going to do much with the rebels and rough necks that attended. His daughter had charge of the second room and gave general satisfaction.

Probably the best principal the

school ever had was a Mr. Westervelt, who was engaged soon after. He brought the school up to a high standard of efficiency but left us to take the principal's place at Owen Sound.

George Smith came here about 1860 and started up in business as a painter. He was a real artist on lettering and sign painting, but a marvel on graining work. His imitations of oak, birdseye maple and burl walnut were of such accuracy and finish that few people were able to say they were not the real wood. Many of the better houses in the village and district still show his skill in that line, and look nearly as good as when done fifty years ago. He built on the east corner of James and Victoria Streets a large frame house, got married and lived there for some years, when his wife died and he sold out to Mr. Lang. Later he bought the old Burnett property at the east end of the village and built on it and married again; still later he built the brick house on Nancy Street, where his widow still lives. He was a strong temperance man and worked with all the temperance societies that flourished here in his time. He was also active in village work being a member of the first Council. In politics he was a Liberal but it was to his church that he gave the great work of his life. He was a Presbyterian and attended "Caldwell's" church down the 6th line before it was moved to Bolton more than fifty years ago. For perhaps fifty years he had charge of the Sunday School Bible Class and on many occasions was called to fill the pulpit.

The first undertaking business with a hearse for hire was started here in 1865 by Samuel Bolton. The hearse had a canopy top and open sides draped with black cloth and heavy fringe. It was made as light as possible on account of the condition of the roads and the first two years was drawn by one black horse. The coffins (there were no caskets then) were made of pine and covered with black merino and lined with white

sateen. Oothers were made of solid oak, cherry and walnut. Handles and breast plate were silver plated and a white muslin shroud was also supplied. The cost of an adult's funeral within 20 miles was from \$25 to \$35. After Mr. Bolton bought a glass-sided hearse and a team, the charge for it was \$8 extra if the trip was over three miles.

Some strange incidents happened in the old shop, too. A couple of them follow:

Mr. Morgan, a lawyer, afterward Judge Morgan, lived a little below the shop. He used to drop in and chat nearly every day. One evening his little son was with him and start-end meddling with the tools and his father said to him: "If you don't leave things alone Mr. Bolton will put you into that coffin he is making." The door into the coffin room was open and the coffins stood on end around the wall. The boy got up, saying, "That coffin is too big for me," and he walked into the coffin room and putting his hand on a finished oak coffin said, "This is the one he will put me in," and, strange to say, that night he backed into a tub of boiling water at his home and was so badly scalded that he died the next day and the coffin he picked out was the one he was buried in.

Another odd case was Mr. Alex. Dick's. He was a tall, old man and often dropped into the shop for a chat when he came to the village as he and father were old friends. Father was finishing a larger size oak coffin and Mr. Dick said, "I believe, Sam, that one would be about my size, and father said, "It just would, but I hope you will not need it for a good while yet," and Mr. Dick said, "You had better set that one away for me as it suits me fine." A very short time after it was the coffin his sons chose for him.

Robert Alexander was an oldtime resident and soon after he came here he bought the house and shop on King St., that had been Sheldrake's

harness shop. He had been a foreman in Jacques & Hayes' furniture factory in Toronto, before coming here and started in the furniture business. He was a first class workman and furniture that he made is still in use and in good condition. He had one noticeable peculiarity and that was that winter or summer, on the street or in the house, he never wore a coat. His shop and dwelling were destroyed by fire in 1907.

Dr. David Bonnar, an exceedingly capable medical practitioner, came to Bolton from Bruce County about 1870. He first lived in the house on King St. now owned by Mrs. T. Shaw and a couple of years later purchased the lot on the corner of King and Ann Sts. from James Johnston, which had a frame house on it. In 1884 he sold the frame house and built a brick residence and office on the property, where his daughter Miss M. E. Bonnar, now resides. Dr. Bonnar took an active interest in village affairs, serving in the Council and on the Public School Board for a number of years. When the Mechanics Institute (later the Bolton Public Library) was reorganized in 1884 he was elected President and held that office until his death in 1899. In 1885 he was engaged to give a course of lectures in the Medical College of Buffalo, N.Y. He was very active in getting the Laurel Hill Cemetery Co. formed and the property purchased and was coroner for Peel County for a number of years.

John Godbolt came from England and settled here in 1829. The following year he bought from George Bolton part of the mill property, a farm of sixty acres, for fifteen pounds, and three years later the twenty acres between it and King St. for fifteen pounds more. He cleared and built on the upper part a large frame house, and barn. He married Harriet Bolton in 1833. He died in 1856 and his widow, with the help of her son, Robert, and her daughters, Betsy and Emma, managed and worked the farm. Robert was an odd character,

a great reader the prophecies, and a firm believer in the near advent of the anti-Christ—a slack farmer, but a great man for improving his cattle stock, being about the first to introduce pure breds. His sisters were famous as butter makers, and could never keep up to their orders for butter. Robert had a large cherry orchard and supplied many of the village folk with that fruit, walking and carrying a full pail in each hand to deliver them. He was a great weather prophet and rarely made a mistake in his forecasts.

The village end of the Godbolt place and their bush was used by the town, with the consent of the owners, as a public park for over fifty years. Day school and Sunday School picnics were held there, and parents and children roamed through on Sundays and holidays gathering wild flowers, May apples, pepper root and leeks by the basket, and many of the older people of the village can look back to some of the most pleasant hours of their lives having been spent there. There were a couple of beautiful clear cold springs on the side hill, and in every way it was an ideal place for an outing.

In 1843 Richard Beamish came. He was a great man with an axe and cleared a lot of the Shore & Sterne lands for the owners and finally settled to farming where Homeside Park now is. His son John was a drover and butcher and in 1870 located in the dwelling and shop south of the creek on Queen St. In 1890 two of his boys, Ernest and William, took over the business. Ernest stayed at the farm and Will bought the Extence place and opened a shop there, and they worked together till 1906 when Ernie took over the whole business. Will went to Toronto where he took the management of the T. Eaton Co's meat department, but has recently retired. Ernest has never hunted much for public offices though he has been a member of the school board and has been very successful in business.

The warrant for Bolton Orange Lodge was issued to Hugh Abercrombie and others in 1857. The first lodge officers were: W.M., Edward Hill; D.M., Thos. Routledge; Sec., Wm. Gott; Treas., Wm. Fuller, and the committee men were Edward Watkins, Samuel Shore, Wm. Johnston, Edward Duke, Alex. Catherwood and Robert Cave. There were 58 members and the same year saw the first 12th of July parade in Bolton. The lodge has had many ups and downs, but since 1900 has been one of the finest of County lodges. In 1879 Columbia Lodge No. 1020 united with Bolton. This lodge was instituted in 1859 with W.M., Thos. Swinarton; D.M., Wm. Scott; Treas., Jas. McGinnis, and Secretary, Robert Elliott. In the sixties the walk was held in regular succession at Bolton and surrounding villages and it was the ordinary thing for our lodge headed by the Cadets Band to march all the way to where the celebration was held. In 1860 it was held at Sand Hill and the day was one of the hottest. They paraded most of the day and marched home. Two of the band boys had brain fever as a result and only a few of the bunch got off with less than a week's sickness. In 1864 the county celebration was held here, and was attended by several of the high officials of the order. The stores and hotels were well decorated with flags and bunting and a large cedar arch was built over the roads at each entrance to the village with a tremendous double arch at the corners of Queen and King Sts. The speaking and games were held on Godbolt's flats, but before they were over a heavy thunderstorm broke up the gathering. There were about 30 fife and drum bands and 3 brass bands battering away all day and it was generally conceded that they brought the storm, and it certainly looked like it for the storm was only a few miles wide with Bolton in the centre. Three lodge drums were "busted" during the day. Old man Rowley walked in front of his lodge—a very noticeable figure, as he wore a red plush vest over a white shirt. His pants were orange and his

hat a straw one covered with orange lillies.

Thos. Gardhouse used to visit his brother, John, here. He was a great sport, out with rod and gun nearly every day. One May day he was out fishing in the race near the mill and Harry Keyes, a boy about 14, was up on top of the hill above him, annoying him by throwing stones in where he was fishing. Tom threatened him and told him if he threw any more he would take a shot at him. Harry continued the stone throwing and Tom shot. He said he intended shooting over his head to scare him, but some of the shot hit Harry in the face, blinding one eye and disfiguring the other. Another time a big rooster got away and was stepping along the rail of the picket fence in front of the Gardhouse house and the girls asked Tom to shoot it for them. He got his rifle and shot it but the ball kept going and smashed through our kitchen window where my sister was ironing and split her cheek open, burying itself in the board wall behind her, where it stayed till the old house was taken down.

In 1860 Francis McDonald bought the lot on the corner of Chapel and Mill Sts. He built a house (where his daughter, Annie, now lives) and the following year built a large cooper shop, close behind the Gardhouse store. He supplied the mill with flour barrels and the countryside with apple barrels, and the general public with pork tubs and barrel churns. By 1870 he had built up a large business, supplying Kleinburg, Woodbridge and Bolton flour mills with barrels. In the season he employed about 20 coopers and 7 or 8 the year around. His delivery wagon had a very high spindle rack on it which held 100 barrels. The load was higher than a big load of hay and when his son, Jack, got perched up on top to drive the team he was about 30 feet from the horses heads. With the bagging of flour for shipping instead of using barrels the cooperage trade in that line soon petered out. For many years before

his death he occupied the brick cooper shop on Queen Street on the lot now owned by his son, James.

In the early days, when pigs and cattle ran free on the village streets, a man on Mill St. owned an old razor back sow that was a fearful nuisance to the people who had gardens, as she would open almost any gate and if the gate beat her would pry off a couple of pickets or a board from the fence and had made out to raid most of the gardens. Her owner either could not or would not keep her fastened up so Jim Lundy, whose potato patch had been rooted up, concluded that he could stop the old beast from coming his way again. He had been to the bush and brought home a large Indian turnip, which he rolled in a chunk of dough and placed the bait where she was pretty sure to find it. He watched her come down the street and take her medicine and in a few minutes the squealing started and after going through all kinds of antics to relieve the burning she started for the mill pond about 50 yards away, rushed in and drowned herself. It was forty years after before the story got out and her owner got to know what caused the suicide.

In 1869 J. P. Plummer came here and bought the hill property at the south end of James St. He took charge of the moulding and casting department of the "Wm. Dick Agricultural Works," which position he held until the foundry was burned down in 1878. In that year, with George Watson as partner, they built and started a foundry next to the pond on Queen St. The partnership did not prove a success and Mr. Watson retired. Mr. Plummer then located where the foundry is now on Mill St. His son William bought the place and built the foundry and equipped it and gave it to his father, who, with his son, Charles, ran it for a year, when his son, William, joined them and in 1893, after their father's death, the two sons formed a

partnership and continued the business.

The old foundry blower was run by horse power. It was a hand made fan and could be heard roaring for miles. At first the main work was plows and beams, but later furnaces and general cast iron work was added as well as repairing farm machinery and plows. The business grew fast and an extra shop was built for woodwork and 8 to 10 hands were employed the year around, and the manufacture of plows, cutting boxes, horse powers, etc., was carried on.

In 1840 Charles and James Bolton started the Albion subscription library at Bolton's Mills, which was a great boon to the settlers in the district. There were 24 members and about 150 books. The books were mostly history, biography, travel and education with some science, very little fiction—the pioneers assuming to take life a great deal more seriously than the present generation. This library closed in 1860 and the books on hand were divided among its members.

In 1868 The Mechanics Institute was started and a good supply of books bought. Captain Booth was the Librarian. He was our first telegraph operator when the commercial line came through here. His daughter, Sarah, attended to the sending and receiving of messages, which were ticked off on a paper tape. He was a very proud man when he learned that his daughter could take messages by ear without consulting the tape. In the 80's the Institute came under the management of David W. Hughes who was appointed librarian. The books were kept in a room at the rear of the store at the corner of Queen and King Streets and it was during Mr. Hughes' term of office that many new books were added and the general usefulness of the library increased. About 1894 the Library name was changed to Bolton Public Library and was moved to the residence of Mr. James Stork whose daughter

Nancy had been appointed Librarian. Two rooms of the house were used, the front room for a reading room, with daily and weekly papers as well as local papers on file and a number of current magazines. This room was open every week-day for the use of the public. The room behind it was the Library and was open for the exchange of books every Wednesday and Saturday. Miss Stork was a very efficient Librarian as she interested herself in the work. During her time of office the greatest membership was obtained, mostly due to her work in getting new members and in having regular meetings of the board of directors to discuss ways and means. The books were shelved under their different headings—Fiction, Adventure, Religion, History, etc., and any book asked for she could find at once if it were in, for she seemed to have a gift for remembering the names of the books and where they were placed. She knew all the members and the sort of book that would suit them and could satisfactorily exchange books for members who could not come and pick for themselves. The place was kept clean and tidy and her taking ways made it a very popular place.

In the sixties and seventies the hotel business made up a lot of the regular trade of the village. There were five hotels for the accommodation of the travelling and drinking public. Each hotel had a dance hall in connection, usually over the driving shed, and the largest room in the house was the bar.

Thomas Curliss had the Albion Hotel, over the bridge at the north. He came here from York State where he had been doing contract work on the Erie Canal. His hotel was patronized mostly by the farmers from the upper part of the township and Adjala. In the fall when the grain was being hauled in to the mill the street on both sides from his place to the foot of the hill would be lined with empty wagons with only road

room left for a rig to pass between them. Dinners were served from eleven a.m. to three p.m.. Mr. Curliss was very fond of horse racing and kept a trotter of his own.

In 1875 Thomas Curliss captured a monster turtle which had come out of the pond into his garden. It had been taken before as the date "1839" had been cut into its shell. He kept it in a tub, made by cutting a sugar hogshead in two for months and had a new date cut in its shell, but one night some persons upset the tub and the turtle got back to the pond where it probably is yet as turtles have long lives.

Hassards kept the mud brick hotel this side of the river (formerly Sterne's). It stood a little back of where the Enterprise office is now. They did some farmer trade but their principal business was the bar. The stables and sheds were burned down fall fair night in 1872. They made a tremendous blaze, which lighted up the country for miles.

On the opposite side of the street and a little farther south was the Ontario Hotel kept by Mr. McKee, a lame man, and it was noted for serving good meals. Afterwards W.J. Dixon ran it for a number of years, followed by Richard Beamish, J. Squires, T. Linfoot and W. Tedor. Daniel Small, father of Ambrose Small, who so mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, was also proprietor for a time. It was burned down in 1916.

Then came the Exchange Hotel, George Evans, proprietor. It was a large brick building in the centre of the block on the west side of Queen St. It was much the best and largest hotel here, with large dining room and more bedrooms, as well as sample rooms, and was used by all the commercial men, and also had a large share of the farmers trade as its sheds and stables were large and under the care of James Morrison were kept in first-class condition. Jim had a great memory for horses and could

tell by looking at any horse in the shed or stable who owned it and where it came from, if he had ever seen it before. In 1881 fire destroyed the building, but Mr. Evans rebuilt a much larger and better building. He retired from business, having sold the place to T. D. Elliott, who married Helen, Mr. Evans' youngest daughter. He changed the name to Queens Hotel and continued the business until 1920 (?) when he sold to Floyd Henderson. T. D. did a very large trade outside of the hotel trade; he kept a livery stable with 16 to 20 horses and rigs for hire, ran a bus to the station and a mail route up the country and held agencies for buggies, wagons, agricultural implements and cream separators, finally taking the Ford Agency which his son continues. He made a host of good friends and patrons all over the district by his fair and liberal methods of dealing and certainly added a lot to the general business of the village.

The Masonic Arms was on the East corner of King and Queen Sts., where the Imperial Bank is now, and was owned by Wm. Curliss, who in his earlier days had been a stone mason. It was his work that built the stone house on the Edmond Shore farm (now Wakeley's) and several others. His hotel was a quiet place, with a small bar, but he was credited with always serving better brands of liquor than the general run of taverns. After his death the name was changed to Balmoral Hotel and was run by Thomas Gillies for a few years. The cost of living at the hotels was very moderate. Single meals or a bed for a shilling, board by the week, 10 to 12 shillings, with an appetizer before meals thrown in, coffee for breakfast and tea, beer or water at the other meals. The stable charges were also light, the team overnight cost a shilling if the driver brought his own oats and six if he did not, and when the driving shed only was used to feed up there was not any charge for it. In 1840

drinks cost a penny a glass but in the seventies the price was five cents for a two ounce glass of whiskey or a pint glass of beer, though after the first round or two, smaller sizes were asked for but the price was the same and that was where the big profit came in. If a man got too much he was carried out to the barn and laid on the hay in the box stall to sleep it off if it was summer time; in winter they were laid out in the back room. There was a great deal of drinking, but not so much real drunkenness as one would expect to see. Of course there were always the few regulars who came on purpose and usually managed to get helpless every time they came. Quarrelling was an every-day affair but real fighting did not occur very often, usually on fair nights or after some big days sports. The treating habit was to blame for many of the drunks as it was a general custom for a stranger or a commercial man to treat all hands when he came in and many of the socially inclined farmers did the same, and when there was a bunch of spenders in and no drinks being ordered, the bar tender would invite all hands for a free drink and thus start the ball rolling again. The great blot on the hotel business was that very few of them paid any attention to the laws and regulations for their management. They sold to minors and habitual drunkards. They sold after hours and on Sundays and were pretty sure of not getting caught as the local temperance people would not inform on them and the times of the Inspector's visits were generally known some hours in advance, and many of them were careless about their meals and rooms—counting on making the bar the chief source of income. There were quite a few stills running in out of the way places, which supplied many of the country taverns with whiskey. The general plan was to have a few bottles of duty paid goods on the shelf behind the bar and the "moonshine" out of sight under the counter, and usually the homemade

stuff was just as good or a little better than the goods with the government label. Licenses for the year varied in cost according to locality and trade. In Bolton they cost \$90, but Macville and Columbia got off with \$30. Nearly all hotels had sitting rooms with checkers and dominoes for the amusement of the patrons. Very few allowed either dice or cards and then not in public rooms. Very little gambling was carried on, and then only in private rooms or houses. Shooting matches and raffles were common in the fall season and were generally held at or near the hotel and most of the yards had a regular stand for horseshoe and quoit pitching. Dances were put on in the fall and early winter and generally drew a large crowd.

Albion Agricultural Society, the word, "Bolton" being added later, was started in 1857 and a Spring and Fall Show held each year. The Spring Show was discontinued 33 years ago. The horses and cattle were shown on King St., between Mill and James Sts. There were no sidewalks and the south side of the street was used for foot races, egg races and other sports. The Fall Show of grains and vegetables was held in the town hall. Fair days, especially the Fall ones, were busy days for the citizens. The stores did an enormous business as the ladies laid out to do their fall shopping at that time. Hotels and their yards and stables were filled for a couple of days and nights and nearly every private house had their country cousins and friends visiting. Hotel prices were small, six pence for a meal or a bed, and good whiskey one penny a glass, or a shilling a gallon if you wanted to take some home with you.

Later, grounds were purchased at the top of the "plank" hill, and still later, in 1898, another field was added to the grounds and the present track laid out and grandstand and hall erected.

The following is a list of the pres

idents and secretaries since the Society was established:

Presidents

Charles Barrett1857 to 1866
Wm. Rogers1867
Joseph Newlove1868
Geo. Verner1869
Jas. Wolfe1870
Wm. Dick1871 & 1872
Alex. McCabe1873 to 1877
Isaac Wilson1878 & 1879
A. Dodds1880
W. S. Buist1881 & 1882
Thos. Colley1883 to 1889
Thos. Swinarton1890 to 1892
Robert Burton1893 to 1895
Richard F. Ruston1896 to 1904
James Ruston1905 to 1907
Alsey Norton1908 & 1909
William Little1910 to 1912
George McKenzie1913
George Downey1914 & 1915
James W. Maw1916 & 1917
D. B. Kenedy1918
Alex. Goodfellow1919
Bert Mellow1920 & 1921
W. K. Westlake1922 & 1923
Wm. Goodfellow1924 & 1925
Wilton E. Downey1926 & 1927
M. J. Kehoe1928 & 1929
O. H. Downey1930 & 1931

Secretaries

Thomas Swinarton1857 to 1859
L. R. Bolton1860
J. F. Warbrick1861 to 1863
L. R. Bolton1864 to 1871
S. A. Walford1872 to 1879
Robert Evans1880 to 1882
S. A. Walford1883 to 1893
F. N. Leavens1894 to 1905
Oliver W. Extence1906
F. N. Leavens1907 to 1927
W. J. McCabe1928 to 1931

Queen St. was about 3 feet lower than it is now—mostly a mud road but some corduroy when you got near the bridge. The bridge across the pond was built on cedar piles about 10 feet apart driven into the river bed with a pile-driver. Heavy timbers were laid crosswise on top of them and then four rows of still heavier beams laid lengthwise, to which the

20 ft. 3 inch plank that made the cover were spiked. A 4x4 scantling at each side supported by 3 ft. posts formed the railing and the approach was a short, steep grade. Six foot plank sidewalks were laid on both sides of the street and verandahs of all sizes and styles were built in front of most of the stores and hotels, the outside posts of which were placed outside of the sidewalk and were used a lot to tie the horses to. They got pretty well chewed up, some of them so near through that they had to be replaced with new ones. There was also a row of hitching posts, about 4 feet high with tie rings placed about a foot from the sidewalk on the street. Any busy day would see the street lined with teams and wagons with the horses tied to the posts.

There was an odd covered buggy, a few open buggies and a few light spring wagons in the lines, but the heavy farm wagon was mostly in evidence. Most of the verandahs were kept well painted with the name of the dealer and what he sold painted in large letters on a broad panel under the eave. The residences that stood back a little from the street had flowers, rose bushes and flowering shrubs growing in front of them, and a nice little board or gravel walk leading into the front door. So you see it was not as bad looking street even then, though the side ditch have a good crop of weeds and grass. The store floors were a pretty muddy mess in wet weather but scrubbers and cleaners were easily got.

There were a few money lenders here, the lenders getting from 8 to 40 per cent for a loan, the rate being whatever could be squeezed out of a borrower or how urgent was his need of the money. There were no banks here so the bulk of the surplus money was carried around in the bosses' pocket or hid in the house till such time as it could be banked in the city.

The piles of the old bridge, referred to above, in the centre of the stream, had much to do in causing the river to overflow during the spring freshets. Something over forty years ago the old bridge was replaced by a steel structure on stone abutments, this in turn being superseded by the present steel and concrete bridge. Speaking of the Queen Street bridge recalls an incident which took place during the troublesome days preceding the Mackenzie rebellion. The Grits were holding a meeting in a blacksmith shop when the Tories appeared on the scene and after breaking up the meeting drove the Grits over the bridge and out of town. Meeting a number of their friends from the Lloydtown district near Coventry who were on their way to attend the meeting they returned to town and were met by their opponents on the same bridge. A regular melee took place in which many hard blows were struck, one man being thrown over the railing and into the river. The men of those days took their politics seriously.

Somewhere around 1865 there was an old man named Morris, who lived on the hill at the end of James St. in a large roughcast house, which he called "Balmoral Castle." His wife was dead before my time but his daughter, a girl about 20, kept house for him. When he worked he was a plasterer; when he did not work he was drunk, which was the most of the time. We youngsters of the East end were all scared of him and when he was coming our way got into the house or under the barn as quick as possible for he always carried a big stick when he was sober enough to hang on to it, but sometimes he had to take a rest and sleep in the weeds at the side of our lane on his way home and then we got busy. There were a couple of good mud holes in the lane and my cousin Fred and myself with Jack Longbottom and Jack Norton to help would plaster the old man pretty well over

with mud and leave him to dry. I do not think we ever purposely hurt him but we evened up old scores to our satisfaction. Annie was a pretty wild specimen for a girl, had the house pretty much to herself, and left the door open. Another plasterer rambled into town by the name of Bill Murley. He stayed at the 'Castle' and one day when he was pretty well "pickled" Annie called in the minister and they were married. Bill stayed put for about a year and then wandered off again. Annie still kept the house going, as a home for rough-necks, and thus came the name of "Murley town" for that section of the village, which held good for a great many years. Of course the Elliotts, Brights and Longbottoms resented in but the name stuck.

By order of the Albion Council a survey and map of the village of Bolton was made by C. J. Wheelock, P.L.S. This map left many of the streets unnamed and some errors in measurements, so after the village was incorporated in 1872 and Glasgow taken in as part of the village, a new survey and map was ordered by the council and J. N. Bolton, P.L.S., was engaged to do the work. The council renamed some of the streets and gave names to some of the others. William S. Buist owned the Glasgow saw mill and woollen mill and named the main street there Ormiston St., after his son, and the two other streets were called Ellen and Frances after his wife and sister. The Glasgow Road on the original plan started from King St. at Thos. Curliss' Corner and ran west to Shore's farm house (now Roy Hesp's) and then turned north till it struck the hill road out of the village, but the old road leaving Hickman St. before crossing the river and keeping on the east and north side of the river had been made a good gravel road so the surveyed road was never opened for traffic.

The name of the east end of Glasgow road was changed to Hickman St., a compliment to Dr. Hickman,

whose residence and office were situated there, and except for the log house of Hugh Johnston was the only house on it. The street ran to the edge of the Shore farm and when Tom Dick put in the dam the street connecting it and Glasgow road was called Dick Street. Lockville St. (named after Sir L. Lockville) ran north from King St., west along the top of the hill and down to the Glasgow road, but it never was opened, although still used in conveyancing as a boundary. Temperance St., from the old mud brick Temperance Hall on King St., to Slancey St., in front of the W. Dick foundry, was the next street east and then Ann St. (after Ann Sterne), which brings us down to Queen St., the principal street of the village. Sterne St. (after Wm. Sterne) runs from Temperance to Queen. East of Queen we have Water St. on the Warbrick property, south of the old tannery, not now open; then Mill St. from Queen to the old mills and then south to King St., for 40 years one of the busiest streets of the place.

Next comes Chapel St. (the Primitive Methodist Chapel stood on the corner) from King St., east, to Mill St.; then Elm St. (because of the big elms that grew on it). South of King St., west, we have Jane, Blanche and Nancy Streets (Jas. Stork being in the Council these streets were named after his daughters), and William St., near the old station, named in honor of King William. South of King St., East, we have Willow St., (because so many large willow trees were growing there) from Queen St. to James St. Then east on King we have David St. (in memory of David Norton, a councillor whose brick and tile yards were at the south end of the St.). Then comes James St. (after James Bolton) from King, east, to Hemlock St. (on account of the big hemlocks that stood there then) not open; then John St. (after John Bolton) from King, east, to Victoria. Albert St. (after Prince Consort Albert) past the present school from

James St. to King and Victoria St. (after the Queen) past the old school.

There was very little cash used except at the hotels, as the general custom was trade or credit. The credits usually ran from Oct. 1st in one year to the same date in the next when settlements were expected to be made. The trade was mostly butter, eggs, poultry, dried salt pork, dried apples, beans, hay, oats and cordwood. The butter came in large 5 to 10 lb. rolls and first or fifth class all got about the same price—10 to 12 cents per lb. Eggs were 8 and 10 cents a dozen and good dressed chickens brought 20 to 25 cents a pair. Most of the stores had a large butter table and mixer in the cellar and once a week or so the boss and the junior clerk camped there for a few hours, sorting out the butter into two classes, good and bad, and packing it into 25 lb. ash butter tubs. The goods were shipped to the city wholesale store and the bad to some firm that manufactured axle grease. Generally speaking the butter trade was a losing game for the storekeeper. Sometimes a large roll would have a veneer of good butter over a roll of very poor stuff and once we bought at Shield's store a seven pound roll that had a four-pound stone in the middle. Mr. Shields could not remember who he got it from, so had to stand the loss.

The eggs had to be all candled before paid for, as all kinds, even the boiled ones that were left over from breakfast, were put in the basket and brought to the store, and owing to the rough roads many eggs were cracked or broken, egg cases not being much in use. Quite a few of the farmers' wives thought it a smart trick to "put one over" on the storekeeper.

Some of the stores had a keg in the back room where a good customer could be given a drink or two to put him in buying humor.

Six blacksmiths, seven shoemakers and five merchant tailors had shops here and were kept pretty busy all the time, as ready-mades were not on the market then.

Everybody kept a dog or two, and some of the merchants had big ones that were shut in the store at closing time to guard the place. Many of the stores had a back entrance to the warehouse where a farmer could drive up and load up the heavy goods—a barrel of salt, a barrel or bag of sugar, a half barrel of syrup, a 50 lb. chest of tea, and so on. The farmers from any distance only got to the store three or four times a year and so had to buy in large quantities. Some only came twice a year, in the fall, when they brought their grain to the mill and in the spring before the sleighing broke up.

Daddy and Mammy Hogg (I never heard them called anything else, so do not know their names) lived in a little log house on Mill St., and were about the oldest residents. They were very fond of children and we youngsters got very fond of them for we never went to see them but we were rewarded with cookies or candy. The old lady grew wonderful hollyhocks in her garden, seven or eight feet high, and covered with flowers which made her place a show place in the season—Daddy smoked a clay pipe and put in a great deal of his time fishing in the pond.

When Bolton Band is giving an open air concert frequently an elderly gentleman of quiet demeanor may be noticed on the outskirts of those assembled. Hands locked behind (said to be the posture of a thoughtful person), he is evidently giving the players the "once over." Meet this mysterious gentleman—David W. Hughes—the leader of Bolton's first citizens' band. When the band was organized in May 18, 1885, Mr. Hughes was appointed leader, a position he held until he removed to Toronto some years later. The first march-out took place on June 20, 1885, one month after organization.

Mr. Hughes obtained his early musical training in the choir and band of the "Children of Peace," as the followers of David Wilson, of Sharon, were known. He has never lost his interest in bands. The names of those composing the band at the time of its organization were: H. H. Bolton, Fred Bolton, S. H. Northcot, John T. Beamish, Charles E. Plummer, David W. Hughes, Mr. Duffy (barber), John Noble, Job Hughes, Joseph Taylor, Mr. Weatherspoon, Wm. G. Beamish, Robert Russell, George Brown and Harry Elliott. Later leaders of the band were John Wood, who came from Lloydtown, John T. Galvin, and our own Jimmy McDonald, who is now at the head of the band. The band has had its ups and downs but has always been liberally dealt with by the council in the way of grants.

True Blue Lodge, A.F. & A.M., No. 98, is Bolton's oldest secular organization. Just when the first Masonic lodge was started in Bolton is not clear. What was known as Western Light Lodge No. 13 (note the unlucky 13) was brought here from Lloydtown and had previously been functioning at Aurora or at some place on Yonge Street. In the middle 50's a number of the members of Western Light withdrew and received a dispensation to start a new lodge to be known as True Blue Lodge. In 1858 it received its charter from the grand lodge, the following being the charter members: William Graham, Worshipful Master; Robert Dick, James Murray, Turpin Culham, Gabriel Gilmore and William Morris. William Curliss was the first member initiated in True Blue. Western Light Lodge continued to function for a number of years, both it and True Blue being represented at the convocation of Grand Lodge in 1867, but the charter was finally turned in to Grand Lodge the last member locally being Robert Elliott. At first the meetings of True Blue were held in an upper room of the "Masonic Arms" Hotel.

Later a lot between the Anglican and Methodist churches was secured and a frame hall erected. This building was later bricked and still later a basement was placed underneath. True Blue enjoys the distinction of being the best furnished lodge in the district. The furniture is of solid walnut, beautifully upholstered, the hangings and other furnishings being of a quality seldom seen in lodges in the country. An oil painting of William Graham, the first master, hangs at the right of the Master's chair.

The dogs were the worst nuisance we had. There were such a lot of them, and very few good ones, and the racket they raised both day and night was awful. There was one, a very cross big brindle bulldog that nearly everybody feared and disliked. It belonged to the old man Walford and was at his heels wherever he went. The old man often went to the mill and would travel over all of its five flats, like an inspector, and the dog with him. The top flat, where the wooden elevators were made and broken barrels repaired, had a light trap door that shut down over the stair head to keep out the dust, and one day when three of the men were working there, the old man and dog paid them a visit. The dog was busy somewhere else and the old man got down the stair far enough to close the trap door before the dog missed him. One of them opened the end door which was about 40 feet from the ground and tried to scare the dog out, but he ran everywhere else and finally got wedged between two elevator pipes and the harder he struggled the faster he was held. There was an old tin kettle up there and the men put a stone or two in it and lashed it to the dog's tail before they put a board under him from behind and raised him high enough to jump loose. The first thump of the kettle scared him and he rushed straight for and out the door. The wind was knocked out of him when he lit but he was not

much hurt for he was up and away in a few minutes, full speed for home. It was a cruel trick to play on a dog but it did some good, too, as he never left his own yard afterwards.

Laurel Hill Cemetery Company was organized at a meeting held in the town hall on March 27th, 1893. At this meeting the presiding officer was Bryan Dowling; A. Dodds, secretary, and Andrew McFall, treasurer. Provisional directors appointed were Charles Jaffary, Albert S. Rutherford, William Dick, E. A. Jaffary, Robert Burton, Dr. David Bonnar, Henry A. Rutherford, Andrew A. McFall, A. Dodds. At a subsequent meeting the appointment of these directors was confirmed and the following officers appointed: President, Henry A. Rutherford; A. Dodds, Secretary; Andrew A. McFall, Treasurer. Land was purchased from Samuel Stewart, and a waiting room and a mortuary erected, driveways were laid out and a start made to provide a non-sectarian cemetery for the village and district. The outstanding feature of the early days of the cemetery was the vast amount of gratis work done by the people of the district in grading the grounds and driveways. This was continued for years, trees were planted, fences and a foot bridge built across the ravine, until the whole presents an appearance of unrivalled beauty, a lasting monument to the foresight of those men who conceived and gave so unstintingly of their energy to make a resting place for the bodies of generations still unborn. I cannot do better than quote the lines of an anonymous writer who so aptly describes the scene:

A vale of beauty circles 'round
The City of the Dead.
A hundred shades of restful green,
Wild berries growing red
Conceal thy rugged steppes, where frisk
The creatures of the wood;
The feathered folk flit through the leaves
And rear their hungry brood.
We hear them chant their evening hymn—
A requiem to the dead.
Then silence reigns on Laurel Hill;
The sky glows golden-red.

The sunset kisses Laurel Hill
And turns to burnished gold,
The granites, marking each dear spot
Where lies the sacred mould.
A silent soldier guards the gate;
The sun has crowned his head;
We see the crosses, row on row,
Among the poppies red.
Now sleepy birds are nestling close
Beneath the maple's leaves
That whisper tender lullabies,
Stirred by a fresh'ning breeze.

The evergreens a darker shade
Cast o'er the emerald sward;
The weeping birches, silver-white,
Like mournful ghosts stand guard;
The Persian lilacs, purple, white,
Breathe forth their fragrance sweet:
Syringas tell us of the bride,
Adorned her Lord to meet;
The snowballs hang their heavy heads;
The honeysuckle tree
Holds out its cups of nectar rare
To tempt the honey-bee.

Ah, yonder, Venus, Evening Star,
Gleams o'er the dying Sun—
Bright harbinger of life and love
When Earth's brief day is done.

1924.

—Dorlinda.

The village road staff for 25 years or more consisted of two men, Michael Galvin and James Henderson. They repaired the roads, bridges and sidewalks and laid all the new plank sidewalks that were put down. Most of the walks were 4 ft. wide. Stringers of 4x4 scantling were bedded and graded, piles of 2 in. plank were cut into lengths with a crosscut saw, and were then laid across the stringers. Then Mike started the 5 inch spikes in the planks and Jim followed and drove them home with an axe. They never seemed to be working hard but at the day's end could show more and better laid walk than 3 or 4 ordinary men would have done. Jim said it was because they had the "know how" and I guess that was the secret. The usual pay was \$1 per day.

One prominent citizen of the village from 1878 to 1900 that I should have mentioned before was S. J. Snell, Druggist and Postmaster, a good business man, member of the School Board, Council and Reeve. His home and drug store on Queen St. was wiped out in the big fire of 1886. He then bought the stock of J. Stork and moved over to his corner

till he got a new store and residence built on the old site, which later was bought by H. Shoemaker who sold to C. E. Chambers.

His son, Dr. Arthur Snell, was a very prominent member of the medical corps during the whole of the great war. He was a captain in the permanent force when he left here, but was soon promoted and became a Lt. Colonel and A.D.M.S. of the 3rd division and later was made D. D. M. S. of the whole Canadian Medical Corps.

Athletics played a big part in the life of the young men of the village in the old days, and our boys were able to hold their own with all comers. Running and jumping were very popular. Among those who excelled in these were Jim Middleton and Jim Lundy. Of course there were others but as no records were kept their prowess is lost to the present generation. In 1874 a youth came to town from his father's farm in King who in later years proved Bolton's best all round athlete. His name was Harry Sheardown. He served his apprenticeship in Dick's foundry and continued in the same shop for many years. In foot races, jumping, putting the shot, etc, he had few equals. Alsey Norton and some of the other boys might beat him out in one of the jumps but Harry generally came back next time with something better. For years he attended the Caledonian games in Toronto and also the sports at the neighboring towns and was always able to come home with a good share of the prizes. In lacrosse and baseball he was also a star player, and although advancing years stopped his career as an athlete his interest in the sports of the day has never waned.

Bolton organized a baseball team in 1884 which had a good record. D. W. Hughes was the secretary-treasurer of this organization. In 1885 they won many matches— at Alton on May 25; June 3, Bolton 46,

Nobleton 16; July 10, Bolton 71; Brampton 9; Aug. 5, they piled up a score of 18 runs against Toronto's crack team, the Athletics, who secured only one run; Sept. 10, Bolton 53, Tottenham 14; Sept. 22, Bolton 24, Aurora 4. That same year they toured the towns east of Toronto for a week, going as far as Cobourg. They won fifty percent of the games, but made the fatal mistake of taking only one battery along—Harry Sheardown as pitcher and Alsey Norton behind the bat. Playing every day was too much for even these hardened players. Those were the days of real ball—none of your girls' game of soft ball. The curved ball had not come into vogue at that time. Harry's straight balls would hurtle over the plate at the speed of a cannon ball, and it was a good man who could stand behind the bat for any length of time. No mask, glove or chest protector was worn and many of the boys had bones broken in their hands in trying to hold them. Mr. Hughes has the records of the old ball team and to him we are indebted for particulars. The names of the old players were: Tom Barons, blacksmith; Samuel J. Snell, druggist and postmaster; — Jessop, principal of the school; Roxy Wilcox, tinsmith, with Doig; George Reid, miller; Alsey and Dave Norton, brickmakers; Harry Sheardown, mechanic; D. W. Hughes, merchant, and Tom Vance. If report is true this was as hardy a bunch of ball players as ever went onto a field.

There was also a younger set of athletes which should be mentioned. Jack (now Dr. J. C.) Warbrick made a name for himself in his college days, touring England with an all-star Canadian football team and later with a lacrosse team. His brother, J. F., was also a prominent lacrosse player, being a member of the Excelsiors, of Brampton, for some years. He was considerable of a sprinter and after the games were over at a Dominion Day celebration here one time he was matched against

an outsider by his friends for a big wager. The race took place on the main street of the town and Warbrick outdistanced his competitor. His father, who had been counselling his son not to enter into contests of this kind, was the most excited spectator of the contest which he watched from behind a drawn blind in one of the stores.

Then there were Jack and Fred Dowling who learned the game of lacrosse with the local team and afterwards played, the former with the Dufferins, of Orangeville, then one of the best teams in the Province. Fred Scott, a tailor lad, should not be overlooked, and Arthur Snell made a reputation for himself on the old Torontos. Many other names might be mentioned of young men who brought honor to the town in the games played. The game of hockey was of a later date and some other person will have to record their prowess, but without boasting I am confident in asserting that Bolton down through all the years has an honorable record in the matter of sports.

Many years ago one of the local hotelkeepers proposed to a number of young men that if they would provide the fowl he would furnish the whiskey and they would have a blow-out after he closed his hotel at the brick kiln. The young fellows secured the fowl, which were cooked by rolling them (feathers and all) in a layer of clay and cooking them in the intense heat of the kiln. This is a primitive method of cooking fowl, followed by our ancient forefathers and is still used by people in some parts of the world. When mine host arrived with the drinkable the fowl were taken from the kiln, the hardened clay removed and the fowl were found to be done to a turn. Their appetites, whetted by the liquor, the feast proceeded, during which the hotelkeeper exclaimed: "Be japers, the man who fed those chickens knew how to feed chick-

ens." He was not so well pleased next morning when he found half a dozen of his prize-winning pullets missing.

I have not made mention of the tradesmen, but in 1860 and '70 they formed a good part of the community. The shoemakers as far back as I remember, were John Clark in the log house at the corner of Queen and Sterne Sts.; Jim Middleton on King St., East; John Friar on King, West; Wm. Norris on King, East, and John Bell, Village Treasurer, on Queen St. These were followed by Robert Elliott, S. Quale, Dudley Smith and Robert Wallace.

Blacksmiths—P. Rogers on Queen St.; James Wolfe, corner of Mill and Queen; T. Lundy, East on Mill St.; Wm. Segsworth, opposite the Mill, and later George Coates, Wm. James and Hugh Kennedy.

Merchant and Custom Tailors were Thomas Mills, Joseph Wilson, Thomas Cooper, C. A. Martin, all on the East side of Queen St., later J. J. Wadsworth, E. Cummings and Charles Duke.

The early carpenters were the Calahan Bros., S. Bolton, W. C. Hughes, J. Elliott, Mat. Hardwick, T. Sanderson, J. Brocklebank, and later John Cairns and Andrew Noble.

Wagon Makers — T. Lundy, Ki Postill and G. Murch and later W. Seymour and A. Dodds.

Brick and Stone Masons—H. Burnett, Wm. Curliss, John Armstrong followed by C. Longbottom, Henry Black, Jos. Strong and Wm. Hurd.

Harness Makers—John Harper, Chas. Sheldrake, E. Jackson and later W. J. Dixon, D. Percy and T. Linfoot.

Butchers—John Tindale, J. Beamish, Wm. Smith, Wm. Coates followed by D. A. Kennedy, J. K. McEwen and H. A. Rutherford.

After the close of the Crimean War, when the prices of everything were greatly inflated, Bolton experienced its first and only land boom. Real estate went to high prices. The men of Bolton who had a little money got the speculating fever, much as the men of a recent generation, their operations being generally confined to the Village of Nunnville, a suburb to the east of the Village. The speculators got a great kick out of their buying and selling, the lots selling as high as \$350. Fences were erected, a house or two were erected, but the boom burst and the lots were sacrificed for a mere nothing and reverted to farm lands. Old Jack Wilson, something of a character, was the last resident of the district. He lived in a small house where the village "dump" now is and was known for years as the "Mayor of Nunnville."

In 1865 the Mill owner thought there would be some easy money made in fattening pigs with mill waste and as there was room between the mill and the river he built a large pig pen and yard there close to King St. and fed a couple of hundred pigs there all the time. It was an awful place for smells. People driving in held their noses from the Nunnville hill till they got to James St. The nuisance was put up with for three years, but the complaints from the nearby residents and the general public, to the Albion Council were so numerous and threatening that the Council ordered the pens to be removed. There were always some restless pigs that broke out and one pair were a special nuisance as they always headed for C. Bolton's garden and setting the dog on them was very little use as they would be back almost as soon as the dog. One day two of the boys and the dog headed off the pair and chased them over the high bank above the deep hole. They swam out but in some way managed to cut their throats with their hoofs. They bled pretty freely, but were able to get back to the pen but

bled to death soon after. Of course nobody knew what had happened to them.

Dr. W. A. McFall, of Toronto, has kindly favored me with the following notice of Dr. W. H. Dalton, also a copy of a doctor's bill in 1844. Its moderate rate and easy "anything you have" method for payment is certainly a wonder when compared with the doctor's bill of today.

Albion

John Godbolt,

1844 To J. Allenby, Surgeon, Dr.

	£	s	d
Aug. 11 To Journey, etc., for family	1	10	
Aug. 15, To Blister and powder (sons)		1	6
Oct. 9, To Powders for wife and daughter		2	6
Oct. 9, To Cough Syrup		2	6
	£1	16	6
Deduct for 4½ lbs. ham @ 5d		6	½
	£1	10	5½

(Settled Jan. 1845)

J. H. Smith.

Sir,—

I beg to send in your account that you may have a chance, if it suit you, of paying to Mr. Smith, storekeeper, in wheat, pork or any other thing, or if you prefer paying the amount in cash I will call at your house about Jan. 15th, 1845.

John Allenby.

Dr. William Henry Dalton was born in Newfoundland in 1811. He worked in his father's printing office till he was twenty and then took up medicine under Dr. King, of Toronto, and five years later got his license to practise from the Upper Canada Medical Board. He married Susan, daughter of James Warbrick, of Bolton, in 1842 and in 1859 moved to Bolton where he practised un-

til 1j75 when he moved to Toronto, dying there in 1890. He had a very large practice here and was made coroner for the Township. Two of his sons, Bob and Ad., were great leaders of sport in their school days here, being good all round athletes and as full of mischief as boys of that age could be. I think it was Bob put the cayenne pepper on the old school stove on examination day. Jack was younger and more of a student. He later graduated as a land surveyor and civil engineer and still comes here occasionally to do some surveying and call on old friends.

The Doctor lived in the last house on the north side of King st., West, and his orchard and garden ran back to the top of Pearcey's hill and was enclosed by a high picket fence. His hobby was growing musk melons and he certainly grew a lot of the very finest and they, with the best of fall apples, tempted some three or four of the boys every fall to do some "hooking". They had a picket pried off the fence and watching their chance one night when the folk were away stole in and filled their pockets and blouses with apples and carried two or three melons apiece in their arms, but getting down the hill was a big job as it was covered with wild grass and very slippery; first one fellow would slip and a melon would drop and go full tilt down the hill; then another, so by the time they got to the foot there would be three or four busted melons scattered around. These were devoured on the spot and the rest and the apples were carried to the den and stored for future consideration. The den was an old unused stable back at the river with a supply of old boxes for seats and a half stable door on top of a barrel for a table. A few clay pipes and a greasy euchre deck were hid away there too and many a wet Saturday afternoon was spent there learning to smoke and play cards and incidentally to practise a few swear words. It was a usual thing for one or more to have to

leave pretty sick before the session was over for the tobacco, even when mixed with dried mullen leaves, was a very strong dose for a boy's stomach.

One night in the fall of 1859 there was a special celebration as one of the boys had got hold of a few bottles of beer, others brought bread, buns and cold ham which, together with the stored fruit on hand, made a "never to be forgotten" feast, after which pipes and cards were brought out. Everybody carried matches. They were the old fashioned kind, a block of pine $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, split down three parts of their length and covered with a brown paper cap on the lighting end; pretty good matches, too, and when you wanted one it was easily split the rest of the way. The party broke up about ten o'clock. The next day the old building was seen to be on fire, but too late to save it. There was no investigation. "Them were the days."

Monday, September 5, 1881, will go down in history and be known as 'The Dark Day.' Remembrance of the day will never be effaced from the memory of those who lived at that time. In the middle of the afternoon it began to get dark, caused by the smoke from forest fires in Michigan. People became alarmed; some thought the end of the world had come. Teachers could not carry on their work in the schools and were afraid to let their charges start for home. Lamps were lighted in the homes and stores; threshing operations were stopped on the farms and traffic on the railways came to a standstill. Switch and semaphore lights had not been lit so dispatchers cancelled all trains for a time. Travellers on the roads found it impossible to proceed and some farmers were reported to have wandered for hours in their own fields. Consternation was depicted on the faces of many people and some fell to their knees and prayed to be delivered from the mysterious dark-

ness. Next morning conditions were normal. This condition prevailed throughout Ontario and in several of the States of the Union. The darkness was due to the forest fires which swept over large areas of the State of Michigan. Much bush and several villages were destroyed, the counties of Huron, Sanalac and Tuscolo being particularly hard hit. This was fifty years ago and even yet we occasionally hear old men refer to "The Dark Day."

I am getting to the end of my reminiscences and I am told that I have missed many things that I should have told about the Village, but I could only tell what I knew or remembered, so it is very probable that I have missed more than I have written. I think it would be a good move if someone else would write up the Village history after the eighties as I was away from here a great deal of the time from 1872 to 1893 and I know very little about the Village doings during that period. Mr. Leav-

ens tells me that the files of The Enterprise are intact from 1888, and anyone can refer to them to get the chief events from that time, and it would certainly make interesting reading for our own people here and away.

If I have interested my readers half as much as I have been interested myself in making these notes, I have done as well as I expected. There were many other stories that might have been added but as friends and relatives of the families are still living their publication would not be advisable.

A great deal of the credit for these papers should be given to Mr. Leavens of The Enterprise for his help in looking up notes, arranging, managing and editing the whole matter—in fact it was his suggestions and persuading that got me started on the job and the only regret I have in closing it is that there are so few of the old timers left to talk over the old days with.



Notes By The Editor

We are sure the readers of The Enterprise appreciate the service rendered by James H. Bolton in writing his notes on early days in Bolton. What more fitting than that a descendant of one of the founders of the village should put on record so much information concerning the village and its people. How he was able to gather such a mass of information is a mystery to us, and the manner in which he has been able to piece it together in such interesting manner has won our admiration. Sometime, in the future, perhaps some person will be found to continue the history of the village and bring it up to date.

In his notes Mr. Bolton has been very modest in his references to himself and the family to which he belongs. It is our duty, therefore, to fill in some of the details. Mr. Bolton was the youngest son of Samuel Bolton and grandson of James Bolton, the founder of the village. He was born here in 1854. Learning the trade of a carpenter with his father he worked in Toronto for some years and later at New York City. Returning to his native village he married Catherine Elliott, daughter of the late Robert Elliott, and lived in King City until 1893 when he again returned to Bolton, where he has since resided. For some years he has been

engaged in clerical work for local business firms. His son, James Eliott, after serving in the Great War, settled in Leamington, Ontario. Mr. Bolton has been a wide reader; is an interesting and entertaining conversationalist, and delights in solving a problem on the checker board. One of his strong points may be mentioned. He is an expert with figures. The more obscure the problem in arithmetic, the better he likes it, and he has seldom been "stumped." Some people are sure that he missed his calling—that he should have been a teacher of mathematics. Among his many and varied accomplishments may be mentioned his connection with the printing trade. For some years, when a lad, he was associated with his brother, Jesse N., in the publication of Bolton's first newspaper, *The Cardwell Observer*. He mastered the intricacies of the printer's trade and did his share in operating the Washington hand press. In his younger days he did some writing for the local newspaper, and in his reminiscences has given ample proof of his proficiency in this line of endeavor.

There are no less than thirty-two variations in the spelling of this family name, although Boulton and Bolton have been the standard spelling from Saxon times. In the Domesday Book it was Bodeltone, Bodeltune, and in Saxon times, Bodelton, Bothelton and Boltune.

There are fifteen places named Bolton in Canada and the United States: Our own Bolton; Bolton Centre in Quebec, and Bolton Corners in Ontario. There is a Bolton in Connecticut, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, North Carolina and Vermont, and a Boltonville in Georgia, Vermont and Wisconsin. Then there is Bolton in Lancashire, England, with a population of 190,000, along with many other places which bear the same name or one of its variations.

The Bolton family is of very

ancient stock, the pedigree of which has been very clearly traced back to a period immediately following the conquest of England by William of Normandy. The ancestry is contained in a record entitled "The Family of Bolton," compiled by Henry Carington Bolton, Ph.D., and Reginald Pelham Bolton, M.Inst.C.E., members of the American branch of the family. It was published in 1895. No less than five different histories of the Bolton family have been published. A direct male line back to Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who lived in the ninth century, is traced, and from the family of this pre-feudal lord came many of the figures of history, among them being the Earls of Mercia and Chester, and Harold, King of England.

The first ancestor to use the name of Bolton or any of its allied forms was Oughtred de Boulton (1100-1135), who in the reign of Henry I was Lord of Bolton-by-Forest of Bowland, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire border, and in the Royal Forest of Bowland. From these Lords Bolton are descended the Scropes of Bolton and Upsall and Masham. Robert, Earl of Bolton, was a benefactor of York Minister in 1295, though a generation or so later the Earldom seems to have been lost somewhere around the time of the death or disappearance of John de Bolton. A descendant founded a fresh branch of the family in Sussex, and one of the scions of that branch married a sister of Nelson.

Branches of the family were also established in County Waterford, Ireland, and their descendants have spread to Canada, the United States and in fact to every part of the globe. D'Arcy Boulton, who was prominent in Canadian affairs and was shot to death on the court house steps in Montreal by a political opponent, was a member of the Irish family.

